

AS CHURCHMEN VIEW SOLDIERS

Great Britain Has Produced
New Body of Literature on
War and Religion.

CHAPLAINS TURN PROPHETS

Stern Arraignment of Pre-War
Religious Conditions and
Pictures of New Day.

(By William T. Ellis, the Religious
Rambler.)

(Copyright, 1918, by The Ellis Service.)
London.—It is not merely the jour-
nalists on a special mission who are
studying the effect of the war
upon religion. A shelfful of books
have already been produced by Brit-
ish clergymen. This was inevitable.
Into the thick of the strife have
gone hundreds of ministers of the
gospel as chaplains and soldiers and
relief-workers. These men are spe-
cialists in spiritual interpretation. It
is their first business to see the reli-
gious side of things. So the soldier's soul
has been under the microscope of the
spiritual biologist.

Incidentally, the facts have been a
revelation of the clerical character.
Parsons have been accused of having
closed minds, and of being totally out
of touch with real life. These two in-
dications certainly cannot lie at the
door of the chaplains. For the "padre,"
as the British troops call him, has
scratched cooties with his comrades;
has marched with them; has lived in
dug-outs; has heard unblinking lan-
guage that would have frozen him with
horror five years ago; has gone over
the top with the troops; has been de-
corated, and occasionally has been
killed. Most of the clergy have exulted
in the work of the chaplaincy. They
have found it a great emancipation
from parochialism. And they have
learned to face the new conditions with
clear-eyed courage, and with a free-
dom from prejudice, and with a breadth
of view that argues for the right of the
preacher to a continuance in a place of
intellectual and spiritual leadership.
The books they have written have been
brave and free-thinking and broadly
human and far-seeing.

An iconoclastic Parson.
One of the stimulating war books is
a breezy little volume for church folk
called "As Tommy Sees Us," by Rev.
A. Herbert Gray, a Scottish chaplain.
He does not spare the churches. "An
unusually efficient and able soldier . . .
told me he felt the church was com-
posed chiefly of people who disapproved
of things. They frowned, he said upon
his pleasures, and even upon his to-
bacco, and seemed to grudge him the
liberty to follow his own conscience."
Soldiers "do not like the thing they
know as religion. They look at reli-
gious life as they conceive it, and say

Meyer London Is Opposed To Intervention in Russia



The report that Meyer London, social-
ist representative from New York, fa-
vored the sending of an army by this
country to Russia is declared to be er-
roneous by the representative. Repre-
sentative London says he is opposed to
the United States intervening in Rus-
sia. Mr. London said: "We cannot
choose a government for Russia or any
other country. The people of Russia
must establish their own government."

"We could not stand that." They look
at religious people and say in their
hearts, "We do not want to be like
them." Sermons mostly bore them. The
lives of church members seem to them
dull, narrow and colorless. Further-
more, they are mostly shy and reserved,
and the gush and demonstrativeness of
some religious people jar painfully on
them. They think that if they became
religious they would have to be willing
about their feelings, and they would
rather live under shell-fire than do
that. They feel that there is a suspi-
cion of effeminacy about many reli-
gious people, and that religious men
tend to be too like women."

Confessing that he never heard of a
battalion where a numerical majority
of the men were willing to profess
faith, Chaplain Gray bears glowing tes-
timony to the Christian soldiers who
"had the kind of religion that expresses
itself in efficiency, in courage, in help-
fulness, in abstinence from boasting,
and in good comradeship. They seldom
spoke about their religion, but it spoke
through their lives daily."

"I do not know that I could speak
with any such pleasure of the rather
noisy and self-conscious Christians
whom one also meets in the army. A
certain type of religious experience
seems to leave men very much im-
pressed by their own importance, and
very apt to take pleasure in denounc-
ing the sins of others. Men of this type
can often tell to an hour when they
were saved, but familiarity with their
lives does not always leave the ob-
server quite so sure that their dates
are correct. When a man declares
that he and Tommy Jones and Bill

Robertson are the only Christians in his
battalion, one is left hoping that things
from Jones and Robertson, but rather
doubtful about the speaker. Such men
are often extraordinarily ungenerous in
their attitude to all types of religious
experience which differ from their own.
And though groups of these men tend
to draw to themselves others of similar
temperament, I cannot but feel that
they help to confirm the majority in
their attitude of hostility."

A Square Look at "Tommy."

Unusually vivid are Chaplain Gray's
pictures of the average "Tommy." "It
was, of course, a breezy experience to
live with them. Most chaplains heard
enough swearing in a week to keep
their hair on end for the rest of their
lives. Many of them learned priceless
home-truths through talks with sol-
diers who were just drunk enough to
be confidential and unreserved. Those
who were of the 'pale young curate'
type must have been shocked at the
amount of horseplay and rude
speech which they witnessed. And if
they were shocked, Tommy probably
took care that they should witness
plenty more. Quiet talking of par-
sons seems to be a good sport."

"These men have such splendid vir-
tues—all the more splendid because
unconscious. They are heroically pa-
tient under horrible hardships, and
even when they do 'grouse' they go on
to do their duty. They are brave with-
out that high courage that means self-
forgetfulness. They swear at each other
like troopers, and yet treat each other
with the gentleness of women when
suffering comes. They share their com-
forts after the pattern of the early
Christians. They stick to their pals,
and play the game with a fine sense of
honour. Because the country asked it
of them, they have offered their all,
and they give it without fuss or com-
plaint. They hate their life, because in
plain speech it is hateful, and yet they
stick to it because it is their duty. Drab
and weary, soaked in mud, and aching
in every muscle, they go on week after
week enduring the fate which has come
upon them through muddles and in-
trigues in which they played no
part."

"It is hard to say about them in the
mass that they are just sinners defying
God. It is indeed fatly impossible. In
many ways they are so near to Christ
though they do not know it. They bear
each other's burdens. They rejoice ever-
more (or very nearly so). They endure
hardness, they practice charity, and
love mercy. They are without hypoc-
rasy, or any false pretenses, and even
when they sin, they sin like children of
nature—going astray like sheep. They
are innocent of the subtle artificial and
deceitful forms of sin that are so com-
mon among church members. It is
strange indeed, that they have not un-
derstood Christ."

"Merely to be . . . is a poor business.
To be alive fully, and even furiously, is
the great privilege—the crown of our
human adventure. Hundreds of men
at the front found a new dignity and
a new joy in life just because they
were not safe. They were going about
a business which involved tremendous
risks, and in which self had to be for-
gotten altogether. And in that re-
spect it was a finer life than any they
had known before."

Tributes to the Troops.
Briefer columns could be filled with
the tributes to the troops written by the
chaplains. One of the scholarly com-
mentators, Rev. Neville E. Talbot, in
"Thoughts on Religion at the Front,"
makes this interesting summary:
"On the whole, I venture to say, there
is not a great revival of the Christian
religion at the front. Yet I am eager
to acclaim the wonderful quality of
spirit which men of our race display in
this war, and to claim it as Christian
and God-inspired. Deep in their hearts
is a great trust and faith in God. It is
an inarticulate faith expressed in
deeds. The top levels, as it were, of
their consciousness, are much filled
with grumbling and foul language and
physical occupation; but beneath lie
deep spiritual springs, whence issue
their cheerfulness, stubbornness, pa-
tience, generosity, humility and will-
ingness to suffer and die. They declare
by what they are and do that there is a
worth-while in effort and sacrifice."

"It is a grand fiber or grain of Brit-
ish nature which the war has exposed.
It is wrought with Christian excel-
lence of humanity, unselfishness, forti-
tude, and all that makes a good com-
rade. It is precious stuff. Let there
be no talk hereafter of the decadence
of the race. Let no one dare to dispar-
age the masses of our people; nor let
anyone, through class ignorance or
prejudice or fear, speak of them con-
temptuously. They are priceless raw
material. As I have hovered in seem-
ing priestly impotence over miracles
of cheerful patience lying on stretchers
in dressing-stations, I have said—I
have vowed to myself—Here are men
worth doing anything for."

Trench Talk From a Padre.
The iconoclastic mood of the chap-
lain authors crops out repeatedly in a
little book of verse, written by one of
them who signs himself "Woodbine
Willy," the nickname he earned in the
trenches by his destruction of Wood-
bine cigarettes. This startling collec-
tion of war poems, which is called
"Rough Rhymes of a Padre," is warmly
indorsed by the bishop who is deputy
chaplain-general of the British forces.
Hear a soldier's soliloquy, in the pres-
ence of a slain comrade:
"And the lovin' God, 'E looks down on
it all,
On the blood and the mud and the
smell,
O God, if it's true, 'ow I pities you,
For ye must be livin' 't 'ell,
You must be livin' 't 'ell all day,
And livin' 't 'ell all night,
I'd rather be dead, wi' a 'ole through
my 'ead,
I would, by a dam long sight,
Than be livin' wi' you on your 'eavenly
throne.
Lookin' down on yon bloody 'eap
That were once a boy full o' life and
joy,
And 'earin' 'is mother weep,
The sorrows o' God must be 'ard to
bear.
If 'E really 'as love in 'is 'eart,
And the 'ardest part o' the world to
play
Mun surely be God's part.
And I wonder if that's what it really
means,
That Figure what 'angs on the cross,
Well, what if 'E came to the earth to-
day,
Came walkin' about this trench,
Ow 'is 'eart would bleed for the sinners."

"E seed,
I' the mud and the blood and the
stench,
And I guess it would finish 'im up for
good.
When 'E came to this old sap end,
And 'E seed that bundle o' nothin' there,
For 'E wept at the grave o' 'is
friend,
And they say 'E were just the image o'
God.
I wonder if God sheds tears,
I wonder if God can be sorrowin' 'till
And 'as been all these years,
I wonder if that's what it really means,
Not only that 'E once died,
Not only that 'E came one to the earth
And wept and were crucified?
Not just that 'E suffered once for all
To save us from our sins,
And then went up to 'is throne on 'igh
To wait till 'is 'eaven begins.
But what if 'E came to the earth to
show
By the path o' pain 'E trod,
The blistering flame of eternal shame
That burns 'is 'eart o' God?
O God, if that's 'ow it really is,
Why, bless ye, I understand,
And I feels for you wi' your thorn-
crowned 'ead
And your ever pierced 'ands . . .
'Inasmuch as ye did it to one of these
Ye 'ave done it unto Me.
So it isn't just only the crown o'
thorns
What 'as pierced and torn God's 'ead;
'E knows the feel o' a bullet, too,
And 'E's 'ad 'is touch o' the lead.
And 'E's standin' wi me in this ere
sap,
And the corporal stands wi' 'im,
And the eyes of the liddle is shinin'
bright,
But the eyes of the Christ burn dim,
Oh, liddle, I thought as ye'd done for
me
And broke my 'eart wi' your pain,
I thought as ye'd taught me that God
were dead,
But you've brought 'im to life again,
And ye've taught me more of what
God is
Than I ever thought to know.
For I never thought 'E could come so
close
Or that I could love 'im so."

ALLAN L. BENSON QUITS SOCIALIST PARTY



Allan L. Benson, socialist candidate for
president at the last national election,
has resigned from the socialist party.
In a formal letter he said that he was
unable to continue with a party which
put America on a party with Germany.

For the voice of the Lord, as I 'ears it
now,
Is the voice of my pals what bled,
And the call of my country's God to
me
Is the call of my country's dead."

That sort of language prepares one
for the statement by a chaplain in an-
other book, "The Church in the Fur-
nace," "I have heard men praying in

the line when I wished they would
sweat instead, because their prayers,
which were purely selfish, expressed
nothing but a broken will and a horror
of death. It is a dreadful thing to see a
man whimpering out prayers for per-
sonal protection in a time of stress, and
the hardhearted man beside him, still un-
broken and unbeaten, sweating through
his set teeth, puts such a man to
shame."

"Christianity is not the gospel of the
bowed head, but the gospel of the set
teeth," says the same writer.

It is a priest of the Anglican church
who makes the reader gasp, by declar-
ing baldly, "Traditional Christianity is
on its trial. The next few years, I be-
lieve, will give the decision whether it
will or will not be the world's religion.
More and more men are turning away
unsatisfied from what we have been
accustomed to set before them. More
and more they are coming to see the
meaning of what we have forgotten or
observed. The new religion they think
they are discovering is really bound up
in the Christian Gospel."

SPAIN UNEASY ABOUT HER ATTITUDE DURING WAR

(Associated Press.)

Barcelona, Spain, Monday, July 8.—

Signs are not wanting in a certain sec-
tion of the Spanish press of uneasiness
as to what the verdict of history
may be on Spain's attitude during the
war. In spite of a well organized
propaganda and the undoubted pro-
German sentiment of the army, indi-
cations are that events are slowly
bringing home to the average Span-
iard a sense of doubt as to whether
his country's interests would not, after
all, have been better served by a neu-
trality frankly friendly to the allies.

The splendid achievement of the
United States in sending an army of
a million men across the Atlantic in
so short a time, and the mettle which
that army has already shown, have not
been lost on the people here, who at
first were inclined to belittle the Amer-
ican effort.

GIRLS! MOISTEN A CLOTH AND DRAW IT THROUGH HAIR

It becomes beautifully soft,
wavy, abundant and
glossy at once.

Save your hair! All dandruff
goes and hair stops
coming out.

Surely try a "Danderine Hair
Cleanse" if you wish to immediately
double the beauty of your hair. Just
moisten a cloth with Danderine and
draw it carefully through your hair,
taking one small strand at a time;
this will cleanse the hair of dust, dirt
or any excessive oil—in a few min-
utes you will be amazed. Your hair
will be wavy, fluffy and abundant and
possess an incomparable softness,
lustre and luxuriance.

Besides beautifying the hair, one
application of Danderine dissolves ev-
ery particle of dandruff; invigorates
the scalp, stopping itching and falling
hair.

Danderine is to the hair what fresh
showers of rain and sunshine are to
vegetation. It goes right to the roots,
invigorates and strengthens them. Its
exhilarating, stimulating and life-pro-
ducing properties cause the hair to
grow long, strong and beautiful.

You can surely have pretty, soft,
lustrous hair, and lots of it, if you
will spend a few cents for a bottle of
Knowlton's Danderine at any drug
store or toilet counter and try it as
directed.

Save your hair! Keep it looking
charming and beautiful. You will say
this was the best money you ever
spent.—(Adv.)

TROCO



Compare Troco With the Best Butter You Can Buy at Any Price

THIS appetizing new product is offered as butter's successor to
those who heretofore have used nothing but butter.

It is made by an exclusive process—a process which gives the
delicate flavor of gilt-edged creamery butter. The more critical
you are, the better you will like Troco.

The makers of Troco specialize on this one product. They
have perfected the method which produces the quality which
makes Troco not a butter substitute but actually butter's successor.

An Attractive Combination

Troco is churned from the fat extracted
from the white meat of coconuts—the same
dainty tropic delicacy you use shredded on cake
—combined with pasteurized milk.

It is as nutritious as butter and even more
digestible. Like butter it is energy food of the
highest value.

You will use Troco in place of butter solely
for quality—because you rarely find butter so
pure and sweet. Your dealer will supply you

with a capsule of the vegetable coloring used
by butter makers.

But remember, Troco contains no animal
oils, and no preservatives. And that it is made
by a company which makes no animal oil prod-
ucts—only pure, sweet, appetizing Troco.

Remember to Specify TROCO

Ask for Troco by name if you want to en-
joy the butter flavor and butter quality which
other nut butters lack. Your dealer has it or
can order it for you. A phone order will bring
prompt delivery anywhere.

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of clothes you would
not be paying more
than what others
charge for garments
that are no better—

But what's the use of pay-
ing \$25 to \$35 when you
can get the same value
for only

\$15 and \$20

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